AND THE OPENING OF THE NATIONAL LIB-ERAL CLUB.

DEEN THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

LONDON, May 3.

The National Liberal Club is an expression, and a very powerful one, of the spirit of the mulitant Lib eralism of England The first object of it is to strengthen the Liberal party on the side where it is supposed, perhaps erroneously, to be weakest, the Tory clubs abound. Clubs not Tory in name but hearfuly Tory in fact abound still more The Carlton, the Junior Carlton, the Conservative. the St Stephen's, the Beaconsfield, are examples of the former. The latter it might be invidious to mention, but everybody in London would name you half a dozen in a breath, and half a dozen more in the next. The Liberal list used to begin with the Reform Club, but the Reform Club of late years may be correctly described as more Whig than Liberal, and more neutral than Whig. The Devonshire was established as a political club to promote Liberalism, and has done something to carry out the purposes of its founders. So of the City Liberal Club, but there the catalogue ends, unless you choose to begin again at the other end with Brooks's. which contains the cream, in a social sense, of the Liberal party, and has the honor of being roundly denounced by the more Radical wing as a Whig elique and a nursery of aristocratic ideas.

It would take long to set torth all the feason why clubs of an essentially social character should be thought needful to the prosperity of a party oc cupying itself with politics. But so it is in London and such a fact as the adhesion of Mr. W. H. Smith (late First Lord of the Admiralty) to the Tory party because he failed to gain admission to the Reform Club may go far to explain the political functions and uses of institutions devoted to dining and smoking and lounging. The Tories are fond of saying that Liberals are less clubbable than their opponents; meaning not that they have fewer clubs, but they are less prone to accept the conditions of life and to exhibit the peculiar traits of character on which club success depends. No good Liberal will meet assertions of that sort otherwise than by smiles of polite incredulity. Still, there is the fact that hitherto Tory clubs have multiplied faster than Liberal clubs. I don't know who conceived the idea of a society which should combine some of the advantages of a caucus with those of a club proper, but whoever he was it is to him that the National Liberal Club of to-day owes its existence and its extraordinary prosperity. Started only few months ago, it numbers to-day over 3,000 members, with a temporary house in Trafalgar Square, on the corner of Northumberland-ave., the most central spot in London, and with a fixed plan of spending half a million dollars on a permanent home as soon as a site and the money can be found, The money is the least of the difficulties.

Mr. Gladstone has accepted the presidency of the club. The list of vice-presidents includes the Dukes of Devonshire and Westminster, the Earls of Derby Dalhousie, Northbrook, Rosebery and others. Cabinet Ministers, who are not all earls, and scores of social and political celebrities figure among the various officers, and scores more, or perhaps hundreds, among the members. All wings of the party are represented, and all sections of the United Kingdom. It is a favorite pleasantry of Tory journalists to hiat that social ambition is the secret of the great numerical success of the club. Men from Aberdeen and Leeds and Bristol are supposed to connect themselves with the National Liberal Club in the expectation of intimate intercours with the ornaments of society, some of whose titles adorn this column. The local solicitor in town on pustness looks forward with confidence to eating his matten chop at the same table with Lord Hartingtou, hearing all the current Cabinet secrets meanwhile, and getting an invitation to Devonshire House by way of dessert. But I apprehend that the local solicitor, from whatever part of the country he hails, is not such a fool as the Tory journalist would like to make him out. He knows very well that he will meet men of like political faith with himself, be their social distinction more or less. And that is what he wants. The club will be an excellent club, and an excellent political rendezvous. I should go a step further and say that whenever Lord Granville or Lord Hartington look in they will get as good as they give. It is a defect in Euglish politics that London knows so little of what the rest of England is thinking, and no better thing could be devised or desired for the Liberal party than that the facilities of inter course between the provincial and metropolitan members should be increased. They will be increased when this club is fairly going, yet it is more than probable that its dining-room and smoking-room will be filled chiefly, as other clubs are filled, by London men in good and regular standing, not only in the party, but in some good social

That such an institution should be opened with admner was a matter of course. But that out of 3,000 members more than 1,800 should elect to be present at this inaugural feast is really a remark able proof of the vitality of the club, and of unusual interest shown by its members in their membership. The old-fashioned committee would have made a blunder at the very butset by selecting out of this multitude son manageable minority, and giving a dinner in the usual fashion at Wiliis's Rooms, with two hundred favored ones present and 1,600 grumblers with a grievance outside. Some bold man of a demo tratic turn of mind conceived the notion of providing for every one who should apply, and the result was the wonderful panquet of last night. There is not a roof in London, perhaps, big enough to cover this army of dining Liberals save the Aquarium, and the Aquarium, with all its obvious disadvantages, was accordingly chosen. To dine in it, or to eat a moderate allowance of the cold viands pro vided, and even to drink the wine, of which there was no stint, proved feasible enough. It was when one wanted to hear the speaking that the dufficulty of the situation made itself felt. However the speaker could at least be seen, and the six of eight hundred Liberals who had journeyed from north and south and west to be present were, I sup pose, as eager to see Mr. Gladstone as 19 hear him The place itself was worth seeing, gay with ban ners, the floor filled with tables well spread for this array of guests (at a guinea apiece), ladies in the gatleries, a band playing and some of the greates people in England at an upper board, whereon the lesser might gaze their till.

When Mr. Gladstone arrived, and again when he stood up to speak, and a third time when he sat down-and finally when he went away-the scene was a curious one. The greeting given to him was enthusiastic, as may be supposed. There were cheers, voileys of cheers, that echoed through the building and were long in dying away. But what was more striking than the ordinary applause was the sudden upspringing of 1,900 men to their feet, each with a white nankin in his hand, which he waved madly in the air. It was a whirlwind of snow which all in a moment filled the place.

Lord Granville, who presided, is renowned as an after-dinner orator. He has the ease of manner and lightness of touch and happiness of aliasien best litted to keep an audience attentive without too great a strain on the mind while digestion is going on. Last night he was good, but hardly at his best. I found some of my neighbors much interested in the blue ribbon of the Garter which the Foreign Secretary wore, and in the identity of his nearest heighbors, and in sundry other topics, but not much in the elever speech of which only now and then a word reached the cars of any but those nearest to the orator himself. They were, however, of unabated cheerfulness, and if any dissatisfied comrade hinted that he could not make out what was going on, he was promptly informed that he could read it all in next morning's papers.

Mr. Gladstone's speech was a strong one, but it was also one of the most ineffective I ever heard him deliver. A discourse on finance is hardly the most appropriate means of stirring a body of men who have just dined, and to finance Mr. Gladstone devoted a large part of the hour he occupied. For the first time, I heard him speak twenty minutes without eliciting a general cheer. Finance was, ethaps, not altogether responsible for this. Mr.

He undertook to sreak for an hour to an audience spread over a vast space which no human voice could for such a length of time completely fill. The Aquarium was never meant to be used for oratorical purposes. Its large size would make it unfit and every arrangement is perfectly adapted to add to the difficulty of hearing, including the flags which drooped from the roof almost to the tables. Mr. Giadstone was aware that he had to make an unusual demand on his voice. He began in a tone that reached the outermost range of his hearers The grand notes rolled out and spread through the The grand notes rolled out and spread through the space and filled it. But at the end of ten minutes they grew perceptibly weaker, and during the remainder of the hour not more than half the people heard every sentence. Many of these fortunate ones pronounced eulogies on the speech, which were deserved, yet which to some extent, were due to the fact that better speeches of the same great orator were not in the memories of trees panegyrists. I can well understand that those who listened to Mr. Gladstone for the first true should consider this

ladstone for the Brst tone ladstone for the Brst tone ladstone for the Brst tone of his creat orations.

The same two Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone for the Liberalism of Rose two Lord Granville and Rose Rose These two Lord and the Liberalism of the generation that is passing away. Lord Rose bery and Mr. John Moriey were chosen to speak for the Liberalism of the future. They are very differ ent men, and their views of the great hereafter were ent men, and their vision to a provide the by no means in complete accord. Lord Kosebery surprised everybody, in the first place, by the volume and compass of his voice. Every word reached those of us who were on the opposite side. reached those of us who were on the opposite side. He dwelt on popular sympathy as the breath of the Liberalism of the future, and on the necessity of union between the various sections of the Liberal party; sound sense and sound policy both. I should say. But Mr. John Morley followed with a vigorous declaration of something that sounded very like wa by one section on the other. It struck one as od-that a member of a party numbering net a fev that a member of a party numbering not a few Peers among its leaders should seize such an occa-sion for an attack on the Peers. There rang through all this closely-reasoned and brilliant dis-course a note of warning if not of menace. I should sum it all up as meaning that the Liberal party of the future must be Radical or must cease to exist, on the whole, it is likely that the great ma-jority of Liberals will be of Lord Rosebery's opin-ion, and not of Mr. John Morley's. Unity of action between men animated by a common purpose will between men animated by a common purpose will better promote true Liberalism than open or covert hostilities between Liberals who call themselves Radicals and Liberals who are content to call themselves Liberals.

LITERARY FRENCHMEN.

GUSTAVE DROZ AT HOME. HALF PAINTER, HALF WRITER-A WATTEAU OF LITERATURE.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. PARIS, May 5.

It is owing to his grandfather that Gustave Droz became the author he is, and this grandfather, who exercised so great an influ-nce over the grandchild he never saw, was, strange to say, not a man of letters but an engraver, a tashioner of metals, and a goldsmith. He was a native of Switzerland, but he came to Paris in 1760, where he soon became famous for his delicate and artistic designs, and where he rapidly acquired a brilliant position. Nothing at that time was deemed so slight as to be un worthy of a master's hand, witness the dainty fans painted by the most distinguished artists of the Court; and the art of the fashioning of metals was patronized by the King house lf, whom we find chiselling and engraving with his own royal hands the window-fastenings at the "Little Trianon " for the favorite bousloir of Marie Autoinette. It was the time of elegant traffes, and Droz adorned bracelet clasps, snuft boxes, shoe buckles and even buttons with flower-bound Cupids and snowy doves, and shepherds and shepherdesses with fluttering ribbons in gay profusion. He did not confine himself, however, to the coquettish subjects of Boucher and Laucret, for he was the inventor of a now get erally adopted method of coining, and it was he who designed the silver piece for Louis XVI., which bore the name of the "Droz Ecu," and with which Marie Antoinerte was so pleased that she had it set in the clasp of her favorite braceist. It was he, too, who engraved the gold coin of the First Empire and the commemorative medals of that period, so rich in victories and in their recom-

one of the medals, with a lock of hair of the little King of Rome, to be so arranged that it could enclose the bionde curl, out he was sent into exile before it was completed, and the medal and the lock of hair still remain as treasured souvenirs in the family, side by side with the bracelet of Marie Anteinette, which was returned to M. Droz after the

The father of Gustave Droz, who had inherited his father's talent, but exercised it differently, became a sculptor, and in his son's drawing-room there is a beautiful marble figure of a young girl, with the freatness of youth in every outline, which tave Droz is a jewel. Everything about i-furniture, hangings, trinkets, pictures -betrays the lover of art. is of beautifully carved resewood of the Louis XVI period, and there are here and there cabinets of the same style with dark bronz mountings, behind whose bevelled glass windows gleam a admirable collection of jewels and medals and thousands of souvenirs. Everything about his home is antique and redelent of the quaint charm of the eighteenth century. Reared with such sur-roundings it is not to be wondered at that young Droz, when he was still at school, begged his father to let him discontinue his studies to begin what he felt was his vocation. His father, however, remained obdurate and replied to his son's pleading by an inevitable and unvarying.

Wait 'till you obtain your degree, and we'll

And it was not until be was received as a Bachelor of Arts and sciences that his father allowed him to enter his studio as a pupil. He began by painting. and studied for some time under Sicot, but his real master was his grandfather's collection. From those beribboned nymphs and satin-robed shepherds he drew his inspirations, and it is to them that we owe the picture he sent to the Jast Salon, a with-red gentleman of the old school, in puce-colored dressing-gown, looking tenderly at a little slipper he holds in his hand, a coquet ish little slipper very, very tiny, it is true, but large enough doubtless to contain his youth and his dreams of the past. Droz abandoned the palette and brush, when his success as a writer obliged him to give all his time to his pen, and he takes them up no wonly during his leisure moments in his summer home at He began literary life with weekly contributions

to La Vie Parisienne, a fashionable paper, and the clever little articles, signed Gustave Z-, immediately became popular. There is an aroma about them, a peculiar savor of piquast and refined gallantry, which is charming and exactly after the manner of the laughing capids and shepherdesses of the grandfather. Droz really belongs to that time, and he cannot be better defined than as the Watteau of literatufe. He has all his grace, his exquisite delicacy, his smiling coquetry, and it he least of his works breathes the delicious, capti-vating charm of the damty pictures of the Court

Gustave Droz's chef d'aurre, and the book by

painter. Gustave Droz's chef dware, and the book by which he is and will be best known in America, is "Babsdain." It has reached only his twenty-eighth edition, but it is far superfor to any of his other works. It is more sombre in color, but it bas all their finish and truth, and it is so exquisitely told that it is a perfect poem. There are few things that can equal in the tenderness of its pathos the story of the poor old savant, who describes his life so simply and with such touching naiveie that it goes to the heart.

Gustave Droz is about forly or forly-two years old, and so exactly like some ody else in his appearance that if one were to see him in the street or on the Boulevard he would never take him to be "somebody." He has kindly brown eyes, rapidly thinning brown hair, and a short brown beard. A clever young woman, who saw him only once, defined him as "one of that kind of men who would be apt to wear a soft, raund felt hat"; and no description could better convey one's impression of him. He was born in Paris, and has never left his native city save for short excursions. His childhood was spent in a little pinkish brick house near the Luxembourg. His home now is on the Quay Voltaire, in one of those old historical houses, rich in carved panels and magnificent ceilings, which abound along the banks of the seme, exactly as they were in his grandfather's time. From the windows he sees the constant procession of passers-by on the quay, with the quaint little bookstalls and their no less quaint frequenters outlined against the gray façade of the Louvre, and he lives delightedly in his old mansion, quaint inthe bookstains and the gray façade of the quenters outlined against the gray façade of the aver, and he lives delightedly in his old mansion, ling to the already superb collection of his grandfather's bibelots, looking over his son's problems to assist him in his to-morrow's lesson, and writing down hasty notes for his next book.

RENSSELAERWYCK MANOR.

A FEUDAL RELIC ON THE HUDSON. THE HOME OF FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE PATROONS

AT ALBANY. FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. ALBANY, N. Y., May 18 .- In the heart of this city there remain at the present day the relics of almost as perfect a feudal system as ever existed in the Middle Ages. In 1629, about twenty years after the discovery of the Hudson, Killian Van Rensselaer, a dealer in pearls in Holland, obtained from the Staats General of Horland and the Dutch West India Company a charter for a grant of land extending twenty tour miles along the river on each side, from Cosymans to Cohoes, and eight miles back, excepting Fort Orange, now Albany, and all the powers incident to a feudal manor. This was the original patent, though more was added until it comprised a tract twenty-four by forty-eight miles. and included the greater part of the present counties of Albany and Rensselaer. Subsequently this land was all repurchased from the Indians and the enrious old deeds with seals as large as a sancer are still in the possession of the family. One de scription of the tract is as follows: " From Barren Island (opposite Cocymans) to the place known as Kahoos, or the big falls in the river, and extending back two days' journey westward from the river. When England obtained possession of the New Netherlands, this title was confirmed by special charter, the documents of which are still in the hands of the family and bear the great seal of Queen Anne.

Later on it was declared valid by the State Legis lature. Hence the descendants claimed title to the manor of Kensselaerwyck, as it was called, first, from the Staats General of the Netherlands and the Dutch West India Company; second, from the In-dians, or aborigines of the country; third, from the English grant; fourth, from the State Government since the Revolution; fifth, from inheritance, and, sixth, from possession.

About the year 1640 Van Rensselaer brought over a colony which settled on his manor. He was invested with the title of Lord Patroon, and his colony was governed by feudal laws and customs. They were his vassals and took an oath of fealty to him, and he promised them protection. They ac cepted deeds upon conditions of an annual rental, such as, " so many bushels of clean, merchantable wheat, four fat fowls, one day's labor with team, etc." The leases were perpetual, but in case of a sale by any tenant of his interests, one-fourth of the purchase money was to be reserved to the l'atroon, his heirs and assigns forever. The larger part of the manor remained under the control of the family until 1839, when occurred the death of the last and wealthiest of the Patroons, Stephen Van Ren-selzer, He was the fifth in lineal descent from Killian Van Rensselaer, the original Patroon. His mother was a daughter of Philip Livingston. His first wife was a daughter of General Philip Schuyler, of Revolution ary fame, whose old family mansion is still standing in the lower part of this city. His second wife was a daughter of Dr. Howard Patterson, of New-Jersey, The Patroon comes within the recollection of those living, and many of the old inhabtants of the city can testify to his sterling integrity and generous hospitality. He was in command of the New-York militia in 1812; a member of Congress and Assembly for many years; and Lieurenant-Governor of the State. Soldier, statesman, gentle nan and l'atroon the record of his life would fill volumes. In 1821 he caused geographical surveys to be made, at his own expense, of Albany and Rensselaer coun ties and along the line of the Eric Canal, besides loing other valuable service for the State. In 1824 be established the Troy scientific school, known as the Renssetzer Polytechnic Institute.

At his death he left one half the manor, Rons selzer County, to a sen, William, from whom it passed into other hands. The portion on this side of the river, Albany County, was given to his son Stephen P., who was known as the " Young Pa " and who died in 1868, leaving a large family of children, of whom four daughters and one on are living; and on the death of his wife, seven years later, the old Manor House was deserted and the family broken up. The son Eugene is abroad with his family, while the daughters are married and living in different parts of the country. The estate is now managed in the interest of these heirs by an agent, a grand-on of the so-called " Young

In 1785 the Legislature of New-York abolished feudal tenures, but the proprietors of these grants contrivel a form of deed which virtually retained them. The reservation of one-fourth of the purspirit of the law, but the annual rental is still collected from many farmers in the county. In 1810 what was known as the " Anti-rent War" commenced, the tenants refusing to pay rent and claiming that the land had been paid for by their predecessors and themselves many times over. Associations were formed and the tenants banded together to resist payment of the rents. Officers attempting to sell on execution were kided and other outrages perpetrated, until finally in 1845 Delaware County was declared by the Governor to be in insurrection, and many arrests followed. Sub sequently the anti-reaters formed a political party and elected John Young as Governor, who pardoned from the State prisons all the anti-renters convicted of conspiracy. Stephen Van Rensselaer sold out hi interests in the disputed property to Colonel Walter S. Church, of this city, a relative of the family and a grandson of a dauguter of General Philip Schuyler. It was found almost impossible to serve process on the anti-renters, who evaded them in every way but finally, during the administration of Govern Seymout, Colonel Church, by skillful managuvring, obtained the passage of a law, despite a powerful lobby working in the interest of the auti-renters. making a notice posted on the door a legal procein case of evasion by the tenants. The courts decided that the Van Reusselaers were entitled to the rents and in 1853 the dimculties virtually ceased.

In the northern part of this city, opposite the Lumber District, and almost on the banks of the Eric Canal where it enters the city, is a spacious park filled with shrubbery and stately trees, in th centre of which is a large brown-stone mansion. This is the old Manor House, the home of the Van Rensselaers, where four generations of that once powerful family have lived and died. Built in 65, nearly a century and a half old, it is consid ered one of the places of interest in Albany and is visited by sight-seers and tourists at all times of the year. The horse faces down Broadway and the street cars carry visitors to the great gate which shuts out the busy city from the quiet and desola tion within. Knocking at the door of the low, ivy covered fodge the visitor is received by a pleasant faced old lady, who has served in the family for forty years, and who accompanies him along the spacious drive which leads no through the trees to and the lamps along the drive are broken. The walks are overgrown with weeds, the trees are being cut down, and the old house itself, weather-stained and brown, ands to the general air of desolation and decay. Back of the lodge is the site of the old stone mill where the l'atroons ground their wheat. On the opposite side of Broadway stands the old building used as an office, and many residents of the city can remember seeing the streets blocked on "rent day" by the fatmers ortoging in their wheat, poultry and pigs with which to pay rent.

The house has not been occupied since the death of Mrs. Van Renselaer, the mother of the chilof Mrs. Van Renseelaer, the mother of the chil-dren new living each years ago, and is slowly going to ruin. Railroads, foundries and dwelling houses are eneroaching on the grounds, and on the day of my visit a portion of the trees were being cut down and the lawn form up to make room for a machine shop. Thus ancient innimarly disappear machine shop. Thus ancient (andmarks disappear in this progressive age and country. Only the other day it was suggested by a man with an eye to business, that this would be a splendid location

lor a beer garden and that the old Manor liouse could be turned into a concert hall with good effect.

The house is built almost entirely of brown stone, two stories and a halt high, with gabled roof and dormer windows. Two long wings, one on each side, with stone balconies before each window, give the building a massive appearance. Broad stone steps lead up to the entrance and heavy stone columns support the arched roof over the porch. The main hall runs straight through the building and is fifty feet long and twenty-seven feet wide, the other rooms being in proportion. The floor was

originally covered with one entire piece of oil-cloth prought from England and the walls are covered with paper, laid out in great panels with pictures representing the seasons, the figures being life-size. This paper was sent over from England when the house was first built and is apparently as fresh and strong as ever. A piece of statuary from Florence, one of the last works of the sculptor Powers, formerly scood in the centre of this hall. The ground floor of the building is laid out, on the right of the hall, into the bridal chamber, the "panel room," the grand drawing-room, and the library, one opening into another. On the left is the "green room" or picture gallery, the grand staticase, the "mornhall, into the bridal chamber, the panel town, the grand drawing-room, and the library, one opening into another. On the left is the "green room or pictore gallery, the grand staircase, the "morning" or "reading room," and the long dining-room, with a butler's pantry and wine closet adjoining. Set into the wall near the wine closet is an iron varilt where the family silver was stored. The family portraits once hung on the walls of the dining-room, now desolate and bare. Nearly all the furniture was brought from Holland years ago. Nearly everything of value has been removed, though most of the rooms have some bits of heavy, old-fash-oned furniture remaining in them that would delight the heart of a connoisseur—relies of the splendor which once itself them. In the bridal chamber, for instance, is a neavy mahogany bedstead, the head and foot beards curving high in the air, and the sides adorned with formulable gilt dragons carved in wood. The different rooms have high, arched winadorned with formulable gilt dragons, carved in wood. The different rooms have high, arched windows, elaborately carved marble mantel-pieces surmounted by great mirrors, heavy chandeliers and massive wood freezoes, all in keeping with the solid proportions of the house. Many splendid receptions have here been held, and the walls have echeed to the tread of famous men and women of many countries, for the old Patroons were renowned for their hospitality and their persistency in the stately habits of colonial days. In the library are great pookeness extending around the room and heled habits of colonial days. In the hibrary are great nookcases extending around the room and haled with many old and curious volumes. The tops are adorned with the busis of famous men, and on the mantel-piece is a marble copy of the Laucoon. In the centre of the room stands a life-size statue of Raphael, in the purest Italian marble, brought from Florence. On the upper floors the rooms have nearly the same proportions as the ones below, while beneath the house are the great cellars, the kitchen and the servants quarters. Four generations of the Van Reusselaers are sleeping in the beautiful cemetery north of the city, but the scene of their hospitality, the old Manor House, is still standing weather-stained and brown, a strange relic of the past.

ANECDOTES OF THE GLADSTONES.

From Temple Bar.

Mr. John Gladstone liked that his children should exercise their indigment by stating the why and wherefore of every opinion they offered, and a college friend of William's who went on a visit to lege friend of William's who went on a visit to Fasque in Kincardineshire during the summer of 1829, furnishes annusing pictures of the family customs in that house, "where the children and their parents argued upon everything." "They would debate as to whether the trout should be boiled or broiled, whether a window should be opened, and whether it was likely to be fine or wet next day, it was always perfectly good-humored, but curious to a stranger because of the evident care which all the disputants took to advance no propositious, even to the prospect of a rain, rashly. One day Thomas tiladatone knocked down a wasp with his handkerchlef and was about to crush it on the tandkerchief and was about to crush it on the ta handsercolled and was about the question as to ble, when the father started the question as to whether he had the right to kill the insect; and this point was discussed with as much seriousness as if a human life had been at stake. When at last it was adjudged that death was deserved, because it was a respasser in the drawing room, a common enemy and a danger there, it was found that the insect and crawled from moner the handserence, and was lying away with a sniggering sort of buzz as if to nock them all."

On another occasion William Gladstone and his On another occasion William Gladstone and his sister Mary disputed as to where a certain pictures ought to be hung. An old scotch servant came in with a ladder and stood irresolute while the argument progressed; but as Miss Mary would not yield William gallantly ccased from speech, though an convinced of course. The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady ordered; but when he had done this he crossed the coom and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this: "A woel, Miss, that'll do to hang the picture on when ye'll have come round to Master Willie's openion."

The Lamily generally did come round to William's

Ville's open ou."
The Landy generally did come round to William's pinion, for the resources of his tongue-feneing core wonderfut, and his father, who admired a lever fenat as much as a straight thrust, never allel to encourage him by saying: "Hear, hear ell said, well put, Wille!" If the young debater to the property will be a preparater. Another this failed to encourage him by saying: "Hear, hear; well said, well put, Withe!" If the young debater bare howelf weit in an encounter. Another thing which Mr. John Gladstone taught his children was to accomplish to the end whatever they might begin, and no matter how inagnificant the undertaking might be. Assuming that the enterprise had been commenced with a deliberate, thoughtful purpose, it would obviously be weakeess to abundon it, whereas if it had been entered upon without thought it would be useful to carry it through as a lesson against acting without reflection. The tenacity with which William Gladstone adhered to this principle exercised no doubt a beneficial moral discipling upon himself but was frequently very trying to his companions. "At Fasque, says his friend already quoted," we often had archery practice, and the arrows that went wide of the targets would red lost in the long grass. Most of as would have likely to ectient only the arrows that we could find without trouble, and then begin shooting again; but this was not William's way. He would institut that all the arrows should be found before we shot our second volleys, and would marshal us in Indian file and make us tramp about in the grass will every quiver had been refilled. Once we were so long in hunting for a particular arrow that dusk came on and we had to relinquish the scarch. The next morning as I was dressing I saw through my window William ranging the field and prodding into every tait of grass with a stick. He had been loss in this way for two hours, and at length he that he had wasted a good deal of time: "I es and No," he said. "I was certain the arrow could be found if I looked for it in a certain way, but it was the longest way and I falled several times from trying shorter methods. When I set to work in the proper fashion I succeeded." "Well done, Willie!" concurred his always appreciative father.

It was the same at Oxford. Gladstone would start for a walk to some place eight miles distant, and the same than the start for a walk to some place eight miles distant,

start for a walk to some place eight unles distant, and make up his mind to go "at least more than half the way." Rain might fall in torrent's a serious matter in those days when no unergraduate ever tarried an unbrellar, but this would not shake him from his purpose; so long as he had not passed his fourth nule-nost nothing would make him time back. Directed toward higher objects this stabbornness could be dignified with the name of perseverance, and it was a master quality that kept all dilasstane's friends in subjection to him more or less. These who would not give in to him from reason would do so to avoid a contest—this being a world in which there are more earthen pots than iron ones, and the earthen pots try to escape collisions when they can.

SENDING MEALS FROM ONE BIG KITCHEN.

PLANS AND PRICES OF A NEW EXTERPRISE.

A new catering company is being formed in the city. It is to be a stock corporation, limited (the stockholder's liability being limited to the amount of his avestment), with a capital of \$100,000, and 4,000 shares of \$25 each. The object, as the title indicates, is to formish single persons, families, parties, weddings, etc. with nicel prepared meals and refreshments of the best kind, whenever and wherever they may be ordered. The suspany has engaged a noted chef with a corps of trained assistants. Buying large quantities of supplies or cash, it will be able to save a considerable percentage on the general prices of retallers and a handsome amount likewise by cooking for a large number in one place and

years, one or two lots in a central quarter, near Broadway and Thirty-fourte-st., and to build a model kitenen, store-rooms, offices, etc. Meals and refreshments will be delivered by a newly invented wagon with special apparatus. Each meal for each family will be put up the general kitchen in a tigat coffee box, on special over-placed dishes and platters, made to Ht the box and kept warm by steam, generated by a small heater under the wagon. This method has been thoroughly food will be kept. A small refricerator will be attached to each wagon for transporting in warm weather butter. salads, creams, etc. When the wagon has delivered the sed by one and the same family, will be left, the empty asket and box of the previous meal being carried oil,

and in this way no time will be lost.

Although the prices to be charged have not yet beer uily determined, a careful estimate has been made, and hey will be, for breakfast and dinner, for service of anch out as the caferers may select and send, or for service com a printed bill of fare, about as follows:

The higher figures are for the bill-of-fare meals, which

LONDON GOSSIP.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTES ON ENGLISH TOPICS.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUXE)
LONDON, May 5
Speeches and pictures have been the order of the week. The Irish trials have begun to pall upon us and the old weariness of everything Irish, shaken off public temper has distinctly improved. In place of wild denunciation and demand for blood there is a general lesire to see justice done, and when "Skin the Goat tot off by the skin of his teeth, it was remarked that Judge O'Brien had shown admirable discrimination.

It is said that the octogenarian sportsman Prince Satthyany, who died on Newmarket Heath last week had begueathed what Cockney citizens of the old school call "a plum," t. c., £100,000 sterling, to " a lady." In this matter be has followed the example of Mr. Gretton. of a brewer. Old Mr. Gretton left a very large fortune to "lady," the sister of one Radmall, who was " warned off" the Turf last week for the Brilliancy "roping case. Similarly, open cheating was practised at Nic aces, where Radmall won very heavily. Everybody s delighted at the Jockey Club at last giving signs of

Touching the Batthyany bequest a friend of mine, a masher" of the first water, gives what the newspapers all "another account." He declares that it is only 880,000 and is only so large since the addition of a ecent codicil. The lady legates is very well known in ondon, Brighton and Newmarket as one of the tailest. undsomest, and most dashing blondes that have figured n recent social history. After an adventurous life, as Mrs. de "Nugget" smith, who spent a large fortune in splendid style, keeping up one house at Newmarket, another at Brighton, and a third in Clarges-st., London, just on the brink of Piccadilly Hill. When the money was all gone the happy pair separated and the lady lived on What becomes of the husband, in a are like this, is by no means so clear. He vanishes, as f his wife had been one of Mr. Lewis Carroll's, otherwise Mr. Dolson's, "Snarks" of the "bodam" species: "What his fate or how he fares, No one knows and no

At any rate this lady, like Tom Radmall's sister, has lauded at last" as so many of her profession have done in this country. It is a notorious fact that Lady Cardigan and the Dowager Lady Stamford and Warrington are wo of the very richest women in England, besides hav ing the coronets of countesses. Lady Mear has with her young husband almost unlimited wealth from the beer vats, and Mrs. Mubanke, another alventuress, must be "my lady" when her father-in-law dies. It was her band who at first wanted to marry Mabel Gray, the oungest and proffleat demi-mondaine of her day, and he heroine of some striking adventures in Russia narared by Miss Blackford, an American authoress, and so orth, in a curious book called "Fanny Lear," which nade a great noise some ten years ago, and nearly drove Milbanke was prevented by his family from marrying Mabel Gray, who died in Rassia, and revenged himself by marrying the Belgian lady referred to, was nad

Spiers and Pond was the best place for a pretty girl of the lower class who wasted a husband. All she needed dace at the beer-engine for a few weeks or montus, was good looks and a sprightly air. She was sure to get married if she would be satisfied with a person in her own rank of life, such as clerk, wareaunseman or counter-jumper, as we call dry goods clerks in this country. If the gir, were clever and did not throw her-self at the head of handsome but impecuations imposters she had a great chance of doing well. A prominent actress once drew the beer at the recreshment bar of the Var deville Fheatre, and a lady who died only the other day at an early age married a Member of Parliament. It was a very preity barmaid and a good girl who captivated old Mr. Mitchell, sometime member for Bridport, was on his death left her a considerable fortune. She narried the second time the soulof Serjeant Ballanme, and on dying herself left her widover fairly we off. It is, in fact, Mr. Mitcheli's money transmitted through the barmaid to Mr. Bail autin : worth in cutains

Just of late the music-hall girl has cut out the barmaid. It is quite on the cards that two not very young women who have pranced upon, the boards of music-halls may wear strawise ry leaves before they die. I told you some time ago that "Charler," Lowiner, the tuled san of the antepenultimate Earl of Lonsdale, had married a music shocking circumstances had year without leaving a son, and the present Earl has a wife who is unfortunately n ill health and has no calldren. It looks, therefore, as if "Charley," who is two years younger than his extant lordship, should succeed in due course, and if not be any children Mrs. Lowther may have,

A similar mesalloance is just now the talk of the town Mr. Hubert Duncomoe, third son of the pre-ent Earl o Jeversham, has married the smaller of the two "Staters Leamar," well known to the frequencers of music-nails in cracefully; they are neither very young nor good-look Mr. Doncombe, who is twenty-one years old and its a tusic for indate, was, nevertheless, fascinated by the lesser Leamar, and was understood at the Royal Music Hall in Holborn to be what is called "her mash." Sev eral months ago the young man made an attempt to cure caurch in an out-of-the way part of London Hereupon supervenes an incident which ruises the entir business to fine lavel of pot-house romance. A friend and well-wisher of Mr. Hubert Duncomie, feeling sick, sorry. and therefore penitent, after a propaged debauch, was struck by the sound of the church oells as he sail over an carry brandy and so is, and shaking off the paphian dust from his feet, pulled himself together and actually went to the nearest church When the banns were called over he was tounderstruc to hear the name of his friend. There could be only one Hubert Duncombe, he thought, and like a good fellow he this and condenatured peer as oure out a stop to the affair, and his son not then being of age took the matter quietly. He is of age now, however, and carried out the other day his resolution to make Mrs. Duncombs of the esser Leamar. There is a terrible outery, of course, and everybody in society shudders at the thought that, as the late Lord Helmsley (eldest son of Lord Feversham med leaving only one baby boy, and Captain "Jun Dimeombe is very ill and unmarried, the Leamar has practically only an infant between her and the straw erry leaves, whenever the present genial and popular

peer shall be called away. What makes the matter more conspicuous is that the four young ladies Duncombe are among the most love! girls in the world. Their mother, Lady Feyersham, is that famous beauty whose portrait by Buckner created an extraordinary sensition. She is the danguter of the late Sir James Graham, "the handsomest man in Eagdesperate row, I am told, when he insisted on opening the letters in the Post Office to discover some State secret. Lady Feversham's sister is the lovely Mrs. Ear-

ing, wife of Major-General "Charley" Bariag.

The present baroom, sir Frederick Granam, of Netherby, the scene of Sir Walter Scot's bulled "Young Lochinvar," by marrying a daughter of the Dake of Somersel and the famous "Queen of Beauty" of the Eguntor tournament united the famous strains of beauty-blood, the Callender and the Speridan. The result was exactly in accordance with the predictions of persons skilled equally in the peerage and the stud-book. The Duchess of Monirose (the reigning one, I mean, of course, not the dewager; is very beautiful and so is Lady Grimtaton. This lady's first bushand was The Mackintosh " of that itk," a Highland chief ain. It is said of him tant one lay having a dispute with a cabman about a fare, the latter demanded his name, "I am The Mackintosal f you're the ambrella too. I want my fare."

Since the example of Mr. Beddington, otherwise "Moses and Son," the slop-tailors, who first followed the example of Warren, the blacking man, and "kept a poet," the city has gone much into racing. The owner of Chislehurst is a wealthy "cit," and Mr. Adrian," who gave 10,000 gameas for the Prince the other day, is son of the late Algerman William Rose.

porting editors, Mr. Edmund Yates and Mr. Henry Laouchere, M. P. Mr. Yates's legal adviser, Mr. Char es Russell, M.P. for Dundaik, applied on Monday for a rule. and obtained it, to compel the Lonsdale side to show cause why their criminal information against The World should not be quashed, on the ground that the prosecution was undertaken without tae flat of the Director of Public Prosecutions. The law is quite distinct on the point, the last Act of Parliament clearly laying it down that no such prosecution should be undertaken without his flat. So far as I hear, the public prosecutor, Mr. Mauie, thought the new Act trenched on the Jurisdiction of the Court of Queen's Beach, and "left it to the judges," preciaely the course that an invertebrate official would take. It now seems that his reticence is fatal to

the prosecution. A special court will be formed to try the case, and the law, which is sun-clear, will, it seems require five judges to lay it down. Mr. Labouchere, of Truth, disputes with as it seems to me, equal justice. the jurisdiction of the Court as concerns the Duke of Vallombrosa, the pinchbeck noble whose father he accused of selling human flesh to the French army; in fact, of feeding live soldiers on dead ones:

I hear that Mr. John Moriey has accepted the editorship of Macmillan's Magazine offered to him by the firm on the retirement of Mr. George Grove, now Director of the Royal College of Music. It is also expected that Mr. Moriey will retire from the editorship of The Pall Mall Guzette as soon as Mr. Yates Thompson can find another efficient editor. Mr. Moriev has found, as was naturally expected, the editorship of an evening paper which deands very early rising quite incompatible with Parliamentary duties which keep one up half the night.

There are two very ugly brothers; one a punter, the othera journalist. A French lady wishing to mention the better-looking one of the two spoke of bim as

THE TEWKSBURY QUEST.

SCENES IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM. THE COMMITTEE, GOVERNOR BUTLER, MR. BROWN, THE WITNESSES AND SPECTATORS.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. Boston, May 16 .- Developments in the hearings of yesterday and to-day before the Tewksbury Investigating Committee render it probable that the inquiry is not yet half finished. It began on the evening of Thursday, March 29, when the Governor produced two witnesses, and he finished his side of the case last Saturday. All of this week, so far, has been devoted to answering the testimony of the first witness for the prosecution, and more witnesses are to be called for the ne purpose. The Governor occupied a month and a half in getting his side presented. Mr. Brown said weeks ago that he would want a month, and at the present rate of direct and cross examination the kalends of November and the annual State election will find the committee

s:ill in seasion.

Interest in the hearings abates not a whit because of the age of the investigation. It is a theatre where the actors are distinguished and able, the dialogue always brisk, the subject sensational, strange and revolting, and where the public is "dead-headed" to the capacity of the bouse. So the audience is large. It is the regular Legislative Committee on Public Charitable Institutions which is pursuing the investigation, composed of seven Republicans and four Democrats, selected when it was not known that Tewksbury was to be raked over before the public gaze. The Green room is the largest committee room in the State House; is much like a large church vestry in size and outline, and is the room used for popular bearings, like those on the temperance and woman suffrage questions, and for party conferences and caucuses. It is at the top of the west end of the State House, and many have been the weary knees and panting lungs which have mounted the stairs to it in these lew weeks. Even His Excellency puffs a little in making the climb from the Executive Chamber. Around a small circle are arranged the desks of the committee, with a table in the centre for the official reporters, and with a narrow passage in, directly opposite the seat of the chairman. At one side of this opening sits Governor Butler; at the other is Major Brown, courses for the detence. Between them is the chair for the witnesses. Behind them is a long table, beyond which are the settees for the spectators. At one side of the committee are the tables for the newspaper men; at the other, the seats reserved for the members of the Legislature and

The Governor has immediately behind him those who follow his directions and ald him. At his clow is his long time private secretary, Colonel Thomas E. Major-who has got his "colonel" within a week by being appointed as unitrary secretary to the commanderin-chief-sharp featured and active, ready to furnish a book or give an order. Next to him sits the detective who has hunted up witnesses for the Governor's side, Mr. Goorge H. Innis, dark, shrewd, watchful and pleus aut. At the long table is a gental, white-haired, whiteearded man, very quiet, very attentive. That is " Mo" past lives of the witnesses produced by the prosecution to learn whether their reputations can stand the attack which may be made in order to break down their credidilly, if possible. En eigh has been said in the hearing dready to show that Major Brown will spare no pains to test to the extreme the trustworthiness of the testimony presented against Tewksbury, and as a marked proportion of the witnesses have been either discharged sital, he will doubtless dud it an easy tack to make plansible charges against their reputations. List week, the day after a certain witness gave testimony against the institution, it was said privately that " Ma" Sargent ad been on his track and " nad got him side i," so that t would be shown to the satisfiction of the can niftes that he was utterly untrustworthy.

It is a dvely hearing. Governor Butler and Major frown are continually in a brott, but the control of temer has seen good on the whole. Each is very emphatic in his manner, and each has used very disrespectful language about the other. Brown is much the man, and montally more numble for a blow and recover. s harder of the two, and strikes straighter

tons as to now ac appears before the country. He is a most interesting study, especially since the defence began. His manner has changed materially. Formerly began. His mainer has changed materially. Formerly they were his witnesses; he was trying to get from them we at would prove ins charges in his inaugurat; he was treendly, snave and parconting. Now they are Mr. Brown's wincesses, and contradict the testimony of his own. He whoels around in his chair so as to face the winness; leans (it) back against the de k; shakes his foretinger, and assumes the air of a man who is about to spit his opported in the spot. When an admission is made whice pleases him he sawies, drawls a "yes," and true to lean along to another admission which also shall seeve him.

serve him. It is anutsing to see the crowd at the door of this free benefit, iteratings begin at half-past nms. Before eight he me of watters has begin to form at the door, and by he hour of op-ning has extended far down the stars, known are admitted to fill the soats and then the doors

A SEA COW'S UNTIMELY FATE.

Falton Market was all agog yesterday over the arrival of a live manatee. He came through in a special from the Amazon River, and seemed robust. But era he drew his second whist of Fuiton Market air his gentle apiret had taken its lark-like flight to a better land. Not lost in storms nor nudden behind a cloud, he melted away os the light of a clear sky. The air of the market killed him. And no wonder. The stranger who pokes his nose into a stratum of that air always regrets it. He smills the delicate flavor of the far-reaching Bermain, insules the aroma of the load-smelling Limburger, mixed with the odor of bill us cair's liver. So it was with the mantee. He passed questly through the orion stratum, but on reacoing the second he passed and panted. He may be seen brought up ad his life on the Amazon, where only vegenation is rark; but to be sudmenly transported to a place where everything was rank was altogener too much for his delicate constitution. He shook a sail good bye from his dorsal fin. Hopped twice, and with multed our silectly rowed to the other short. Great beads of sadness stood on the foreheads of the finantime. They packed him in the lee and over his remains they sang a darge mad quoted Snakespeare's well-known line, "the fish hop't interred with his bones," or words to that effect.

The mantate or "seacow" is nearly extinct. This one is, anyway. There are three varieties of, them shown, and a great many of them known to be unknown. The animals of the variety that formerly lived in the Polar Sea are all dead.

It is said that they died in trying to masticate the bark they had canged off the North Pole. However that may be they are unanimously deaf. Anima's of still another variety have been caught in the Eastern Archipolago and called the digong. They were caught in a tog and not in a net as has been supposed. All our one supped through the digong. They were caught in a tog and not in a net as has been supposed. All our one supped through the digong. They were caught in a tog and not in a net as has been supposed. All our one supped through the digong. They were sometimes called "sea-cows" or "cow-fish," by anceant mariners who tell strange stories about the ocean darries supplied with mike by them. They look like seals, but have no hair. Their skin resemines polished indiarrubber. The specimen on exhibition in Fulton Market weighed 101 pounds and was four feet six inches in length. It is rumored that a set of fulse teeth was found in his stomach. His remains were sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, where he main, inpuls the aroma of the loud-smelling Limburger,